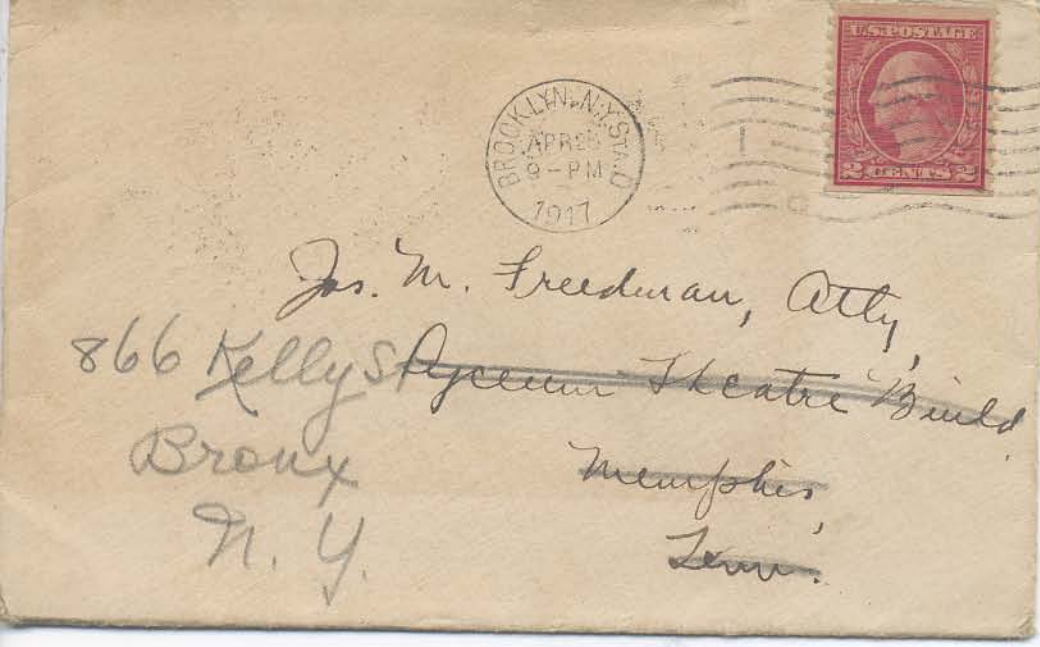

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April 26 –
Thursday Night.

Most Wonderful Sweetheart of mine.

Have just dropped your afternoon letter in the box. Came home, and half afraid opened your letter. I had schooled myself to meet with disappointment and Joe! I was thunderstruck! — dumb with Joy to know you are coming home — and so soon. Oh Joe! I am afraid its too good to be true! Happy! I guess I

I could read no further for a few seconds but then I spied "May leave here around the 1st." Joe, I shall never be able to tell you the happiness that over swept me. I am so happy — so happy that only your presence can add to it.

Am going to finish supper, couldn't wait until I was there to write to you. Got home unusually early to-day and made straight for home for your letter.

a hold of Mousey and just screamed "Joe is coming home!" I couldn't see any further. The first paragraph I didn't read at all — I just glanced down to see numbers and such — "300 struck my eye — that was enough. Then I sat down to collect my scattered senses and read — made "300 on my uncles case — am coming home, but not for the summer" Oh Sweetheart, precious, Joe, my heart just sunk within me — and the blood seemed to freeze.

Sadie says she is feeling well and happy — but believe me not so much as I.

Good-night, my precious, precious dream sweetheart until I see You. No kisses or hugs — no nothing until then, my love.

Your ever loving
Sweetheart
Toots.